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staples of life, still cherishes an eager in-

terest in anything spectacular. Hence

the success of Mr. Cony and his braves.

It has been decided that marriage by

telephone is a valid one. Young men at

the 'phone will bear this in mind. If they

are prudent and don't wish to get mar-

ried by telephone.

"IMPULSE."

Mrs. Kendal had fewer opportunities in

"Impulse" than she had in "The World."

The play was produced last night at

the Fifth Avenue Theatre, than in any of

the plays in which she has as yet appeared.

Her husband had a far larger slice of the

possibilities. But both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal

merely supplied the comedy element to a

rather serious story. They were the

means of effecting a reconciliation be-

tween an erring wife and an irate husband.

They were of secondary importance, and

think of it, ye stars!—they were at the side

and not in the centre of the stage at the fall

of the final curtain.

Mrs. Kendal was delightfully amusing in

the role of Mrs. Barford. Her quaint

comedy methods were most enjoyable. Mr.

Kendal as Captain Crichton never sinned

by exaggeration. The absurd foppishness

of the Captain would be a temptation to

most actors to overact and pose, but Mr.

Kendal was quiet and wonderfully effec-

tive. Mr. Wiman was rather preppy as

the injured husband. He failed to ren-

der the part sympathetically, while Miss

Violet Vanbrugh as the wife was far from

pleasing. Miss Vanbrugh is better in

comedy parts. John Glendon was a

conventional villain, and his French accent

was just the kind you hear on the stage, and

nowhere else. Miss "Fanny" Coleman was

scarcely admirable as the spinster Killmor.

ALAN DUFF.

SPOTLETS.

Fourteen ballet-girls marched in to a manager

at the Metropolitan Opera house. "Kik-

ing" is natural to the ballet-girl.

A woman laughed till her mouth got fixed as

a point. She had to have her jaw broken.

Cases have happened before where jaws were

broken because people had unduly opened their

mouths.

Two Poles of Butte have made off with

church money, and the people want them. They

can't be far off. Only two Poles away, you know.

Sarah Bernhardt is ambitious of appearing as a

saint. She wishes to prove distinctly that she

is the greatest actress living.

"I thank you, sir," she sweetly said.

His hand went up to his eyes.

He died right there of heart disease.

Washington Capital.

A great many American girls, not in politics at

all, are just as anxious as can be to get a fair

count.

Somebody advocates a new coin, the half-cent.

How can he ever expect to get there when it will

never be but half sent?

The billiard-sharps have begun to keep the

balls rolling. They ought to die themselves on

carom-els.

"Dear me! How that sign reminds me of my

husband," said a lady in the Post Office. "The

outgoing domestic mail!"

All Bebe must have been a sheepish fellow.

FASHION'S FOIBLES.

One of the new shades for the coming season is

the Venetian—a veritable sea tint. Then there is

the tomato red, very yellow in hue, like the

golden canary, strident and potent (green, the

dome green, which by daylight is a steel blue,

and the magnificent egg plant purple called

and named Iris, lilac, fleur de lis, and orchid

shades are all being worn.

All the house dresses and most of the reception

gowns are finished with a four-inch hem, but

tucks and ribbons are also used.

It is universal among the dressmakers to slash

couple of battens in the throat of all walking

RIBBON GIRLS.

Nell Nelson Describes Their
Daily Work, Home Life
and Recreations.

They are the Very Brahmins
of Mill Society.

Their Wages No Larger, but the
Surrounding Conditions
Vastly Superior.

Economy Practised for the Sake of
Finery and Adornment.

A Morning Visit to One of Our
City's Model Workshops.

Concluding Chapter of Workingwomen's
Existence in New York Mills
and Factories.

"What the pretty cashier is to the clerical

force the ribbon-girl is to the mill operative.

She belongs to the very Brahmins

of mill society. She does not make any

more salary than the girl who spins jute

or winds carpet yarn, but the atmos-

phere she breathes has considerably more

rarity about it, her surroundings are

better, and as a rule she has the protect-

ing influence of home life and the shel-

tering arm of a father or big brother to

shield her from social and industrial

abuses.

She goes to school, attends church, be-

longs to some club or society and like the

bell of Murray Hill has her little coterie of

friends and circle of admirers. Her shoes

have patent leather tips, her best dress

has a natty swing to it, her hat is chic, her

handkerchief scented. She wears side

combs with silver rims in her hair, her

hands are soft and white; she reads the

newspapers, borrows novels from the

public libraries and is alert and worldly

wise rather than well educated even in

the rudiments of the grammar school.

She is pretty and trim, has a knack of

looping her draperies gracefully and

tying ribbons into captivating bows. She

knows the latest wrinkle in hair-dressing

and hat-trimming, and as she passes the

great army of working girls, flecked with

soot and dust and basting stitches in her

Saturday afternoon attire, she can flaunt

her skirts and toss her head as scornfully

as any beauty in high life. As a rule, she

is honest, industrious, respectable and

polite, and romantic in ideas, her only

ambition being to wear pretty

clothes and get married. Her habits

of economy are due to a love

of finery, and she will hoard pen-

nies and save street-car fare for

months and months in order to purchase

a gold brooch or a pair of paste-dia-

mond earrings. In the majority of cases

she is boarded for nothing, her mother

being satisfied to have her pay for her

own shoes and clothing. She is reluctant

to talk about her earnings and will either

decline an answer or exaggerate the sum.

A BIG RIBBON FACTORY.

One of the largest ribbon factories in

the city is that of A. & S. Blumenthal, in

West Eighty-ninth street. The building,

which is a model workshop, stands by

itself, a sort of industrial Tenebris, the

view commanding the landscape of river,

cliff and city, and abounding in windows

that afford the incomparable luxury of

daylight and fresh air. Every floor is a

workshop, and each is well heated, admir-

ably lighted, illuminated and ventilated

and kept scrupulously clean.

In the basement a lunch-room is set

apart for the girls where they heat their

cans of coffee or boil eggs for their noon-

day meal. Every provision is made

against fire, escapes are numerous, toilet-

rooms are placed on each floor, with

plenty of running water, and the station-

ary basin, with their silver-plated fau-

cets and marble tables, were a revelation

to me.

In a brief, but varied experience, I

have explored a score or more work-

shops in and about New York, but

never found one so well equipped.

ALAN DUFF.

WINDERS AT WORK.

black-eyed maiden. "She's very nice,

but I'd rather have a man over me. I like

women, of course, but I don't like to

work for them. Men are a great deal bet-

ter. Some are abusive, but when the

girls get tired of him complaints are sent

to the firm and he either uses us better or

gets fired.

"When a woman gets to be boss as

despite little things that are perfectly hor-

rid, but you can't tell anybody what they

are. You can feel them though, and despise

her for them, but to save your life you

can't describe them. Men are a hundred

times better when they are fair in their

dealing. They let a girl do the work in

her own way. They don't meddle, they

don't keep at you all the time, and they

sometimes say pleasant things. That's

what no forewoman ever does. She's

afraid if she says 'good morning' or

makes a complimentary remark that the

girls will get spoiled."

WOMAN WOMAN'S FIERCEST